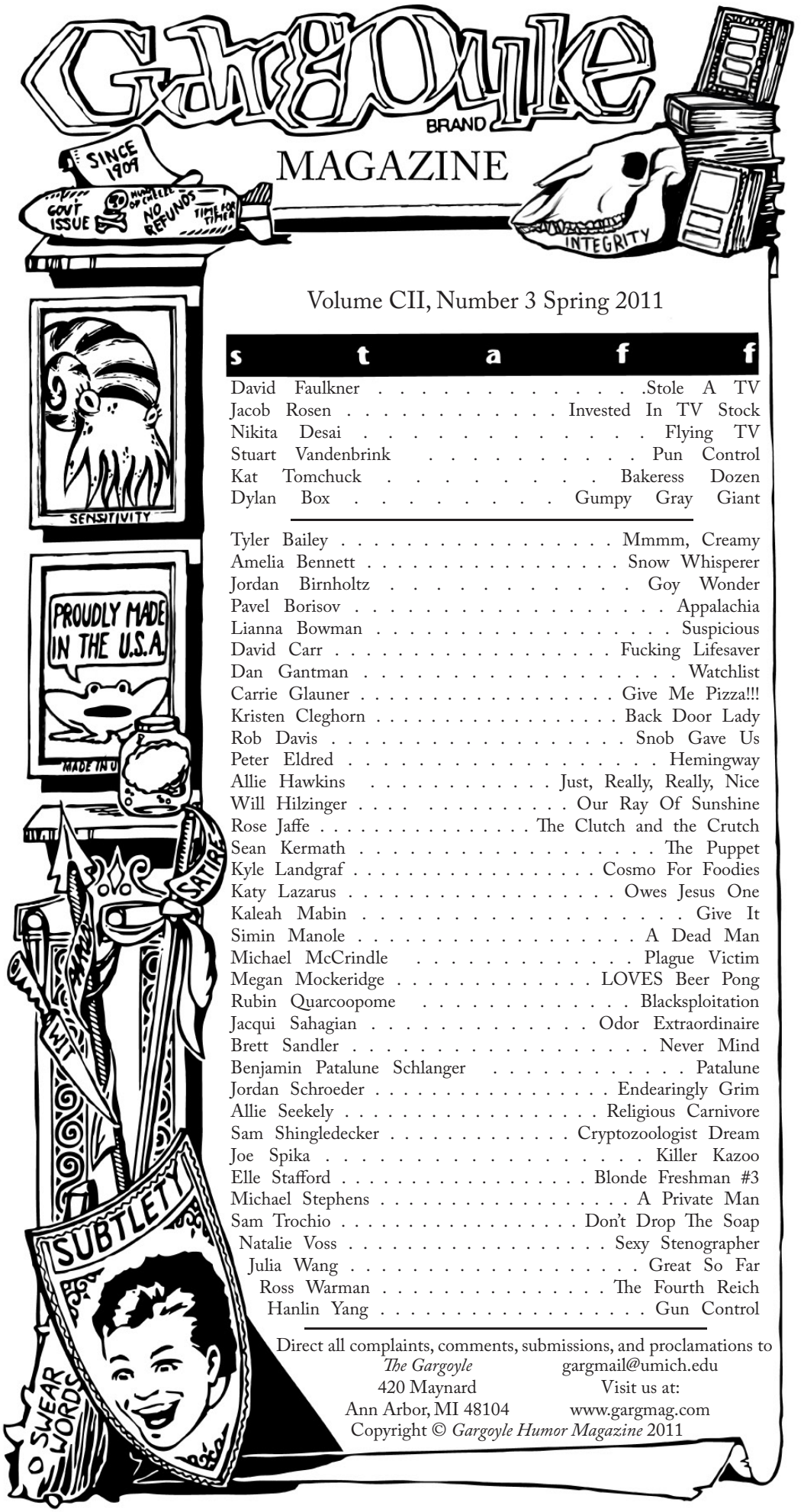
GargOule



Volume CII, Number 3 Spring 2011

s t a f f

David Faulkner . . . . . .Stole A TV
Jacob Rosen . . . . . Invested In TV Stock
Nikita Desai . . . . . Flying TV
Stuart Vandenbrink . . . . . Pun Control
Kat Tomchuck . . . . . Bakeress Dozen
Dylan Box . . . . . Gumpy Gray Giant

Tyler Bailey . . . . . Mmmm, Creamy
Amelia Bennett . . . . . Snow Whisperer
Jordan Birnholtz . . . . . Goy Wonder
Pavel Borisov . . . . . Appalachia
Lianna Bowman . . . . . Suspicious
David Carr . . . . . Fucking Lifesaver
Dan Gantman . . . . . Watchlist
Carrie Glauner . . . . . Give Me Pizza!!!
Kristen Cleghorn . . . . . Back Door Lady
Rob Davis . . . . . Snob Gave Us
Peter Eldred . . . . . Hemingway
Allie Hawkins . . . . . Just, Really, Really, Nice
Will Hilzinger . . . . . Our Ray Of Sunshine
Rose Jaffe . . . . . The Clutch and the Crutch
Sean Kermath . . . . . The Puppet
Kyle Landgraf . . . . . Cosmo For Foodies
Katy Lazarus . . . . . Owes Jesus One
Kaleah Mabin . . . . . Give It
Simin Manole . . . . . A Dead Man
Michael McCrindle . . . . . Plague Victim
Megan Mockeridge . . . . . LOVES Beer Pong
Rubin Quarcoopome . . . . . Blacksploitation
Jacqui Sahagian . . . . . Odor Extraordinaire
Brett Sandler . . . . . Never Mind
Benjamin Patalune Schlanger . . . . . Patalune
Jordan Schroeder . . . . . Endearingly Grim
Allie Seekely . . . . . Religious Carnivore
Sam Shingledecker . . . . . Cryptozoologist Dream
Joe Spika . . . . . Killer Kazoo
Elle Stafford . . . . . Blonde Freshman #3
Michael Stephens . . . . . A Private Man
Sam Trochio . . . . . Don't Drop The Soap
Natalie Voss . . . . . Sexy Stenographer
Julia Wang . . . . . Great So Far
Ross Warman . . . . . The Fourth Reich
Hanlin Yang . . . . . Gun Control

Direct all complaints, comments, submissions, and proclamations to
The Gargoyle gargmail@umich.edu
420 Maynard Visit us at:
Ann Arbor, MI 48104 www.gargmag.com
Copyright © *Gargoyle Humor Magazine* 2011

Table of Contents

1. Face-Off
2. This Page
3. That Page
4. Philosophy
5. Mail
6. Cultural Calendar
7. Faulkner Fucked Up
8. Let's Go To The Movies
9. We Want Our Money Back
10. "Like" The Gargoyle
11. The Network Commandeth
12. I Had A Gay Old Time
13. We Spell "Harassment" L-O-V-E
14. Phero-moans
15. To Catch A Gargoyle
16. Fuck My Hot School
17. Aunt Flo Has A Gun
18. Pizza Slut
19. Cottage Sinn
20. Tip: Read Romance Novels
21. They're Coming
22. Don't Let It Happen To You
23. Snow Way Jose
24. A Sobering Experience
25. Don't Pity The Fools
26. Be The 1UP Of The Party
27. (The Mario Party, That Is)
28. More Like Legnotes
29. Or Cleg-notes
30. Put It On Your Wall!
31. Put It On Your Friend's Wall!
32. Something Actually Funny

Philosophy

BY EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

People have been talking about the apocalypse since before soft J's and Y was was a vowel. Ask the right person and they've no shortage of reasons why the world shouldn't collapse in on itself in the next few hours. They'd probably blame it on islamo-fascists or something. (My money's on the Swedes, personally. Those cheeky buggers are up to something.) In the parlance of Jerry Seinfeld: "What's the deal with Armageddon, anyway?" Why are we so obsessed with the end of the world and life as we know it?

As near as I can tell, we can't stop thinking about the day after tomorrow because there's something inherently comforting in the knowledge that the world will end no matter what we do. That kind of thinking helps put some mistakes in perspective (as detailed on page seven), and can be rather liberating. (For some ideas on *how* you might go about liberating yourself, check out our love advice on pages thirteen and eighteen.) The prospect of annihilation absolves us of responsibility for the here and now. Why else do children (and college students, apparently) love snow days? It's not that there's anything good about impenetrable roads or falling behind in class, but for that single, beautiful day we're helpless to do anything but relax.

And on the topic of snow days, what the hell was that about Snowmageddon? Or was it Snowpocalypse? The Snowtorious B.I.G? Or Snowtastrophe-doom-splosion? Whatever it was called, it was a serious goddamn letdown. Having lived in Michigan for the past nineteen years or so, I've seen a few winters. The unifying element between all those winters: fucking snow. For reasons unknown, everybody and their herpes decided to flip out over the news that there was a blizzard headed our way. In February. In Michigan. Seriously? Half of the damned campus is from one suburb of Detroit or another, and the kids from out of state are probably wealthy enough to afford their own human-powered sled team.

It's not like snow is a recent invention. We've seen it before and I dare say that we may yet see it *again*, even. No need to fuss about it. Besides, how do you think the snow feels about this? (It's not happy, I can tell you that. Gird your loins and check out page 23.) People just seem to like to get worked-up over stuff, much like that Mayan Calendar business.

Apparently, a couple of clever Mesoamericans put together a remarkably accurate calendar system that predicts the end of an age in 2012. Of course, they didn't really go into detail about what would happen when the calendar ended (or as many archeologists think, *restarted*, or whatever), and people have naturally concluded that a lack of an ending implies world-ending catastrophe.

You know what would result in world-ending catastrophe? The scenario outlined in Jacqui Sahagian's piece (page fourteen). I don't know much, but I do know that I like women who bathe on a semi-regular basis. College has yet to change that. What I mean to say that hygiene and the end of the world are intimately linked in my mind. As far as I'm concerned, the 2012 apocalypse marks the day we collectively decide that showers just aren't worth the trouble.

I guess the apocalyptic obsession makes sense though. Who wouldn't choose a single destructive event over a lengthy descent into some Orwellian future? Should we be worried about a society controlled entirely by social media? (As imagined by Rubin Quarcoopome on pages ten and eleven.) Probably not. As the citizens of Egypt have demonstrated, the Internet is *serious business*. Evidently, anyone fucking with his citizenry's access to stupid photoshopped pictures (much like those found on pages eight and nine) had better be prepared for open revolt. Not that that's a bad thing, mind you.

I support any behavior in opposition to Big Brother (both the appalling television show and the government from 1984), and the liberty of the Egyptian people, even more so. This is the kind of thing that gives me hope for the future. Well, it gives me hope that if humanity has to be destroyed, it'll at least be at the hands of some inevitable and unforeseeable catastrophe, and not just because we let the world's governments grind it out of us through totalitarian abuse.

If the events in Egypt say anything, it's that people will only tolerate violence and oppression for so long before they start wearing hats made of *bread*. I believe that bread-hats are the final clue that your society has crumbled and that no semblance of order will prevent your citizens from donning all manner of baked goods as though they were beanies.

And there's no escape from the Bread-pocalypse. No one gets out unleavened.

-David Faulkner

Mail

Direct all hate mail and suspicious parcels to
The Gargoyle
420 Maynard
Ann Arbor, MI 48104
or
gargmail@umich.edu
Visit us on the internet:
www.gargmag.com

Hello Mr. Faulkner,

I was told that you are the current editor of the Gargoyle publication in Student Publications and I wish to make a complaint.

Early this month (January) I clicked on the link for Gargoyle to make sure it is valid for an assignment I have. When the link opened up, I was met face to face with an extremely vulgar comic about Art School which had the "f" word all through it along with a drawing of a naked man. That really blew me away because I don't talk like that nor find it humorous in any way. I don't find it to be encouraging or uplifting either. It placed a dark cloud over my head for the rest of the morning as I tried to figure out how the University of Michigan that I really love and support could let such trash be posted online with the University of Michigan's name backing it.

I have been all over the site trying to find the comic but I can't. Maybe it was taken off, I just don't know. But it was there and I showed it to my supervisor.

I would really wish you would think about what is published in that publication. I believe things such as this leads people down the wrong path and away from a useful, productive life.

I also had issues with coming across the Smoke This Issue! Volume CII, Number 2, November 2011 publication that had "Rejected Ctools Pictures" but yet they are put the issue and are viewable online. Why would that be if they are "rejected"?

I know I am only one person but I don't believe I am the only one who thinks this is wrong. I wonder what the parents who are paying for the college tuition think of their students participating in such vulgarity and being applauded for it.

I do hope you will take time to listen to these words and think about them for future issues.

Sincerely,
Concerned Citzen

Dear Faithful Reader,

Hello! Thank you for your long time dedication to our website and, in particular, the words of high praise for our comic, "Fuck Art School." As you'll notice, it has been reprinted in this issue, thanks in no small part to your favorable review. Your claim "I... find it humorous... encouraging... uplifting" was the greatest accolade we have ever received.

We regret to inform you, however, that we did take offense to one part of your letter. We were very deeply hurt when you mentioned our parents, saying you wonder what they think of our publication. It is a commonly known fact that every member of The Gargoyle is an orphan; all of our parents were killed in a sequence of tragic car crashes before we were born. We cannot believe that the University of Michigan would associate itself with someone who would be so obtuse as to not do the small amount of research necessary to discern this fact.

We do hope you will take time to listen to these words and think about them for your future endeavors to conjure up people's bad memories.

Sincerely,
The Gargoyle

Dear Gargoyle,

It has come to my attention that a certain Foundation Y wishes to contact you. They have in their possession 17 billion pounds of rare fungi specimens worth approximately the GDP of Kazakhstan. They would like to contribute these funds to the betterment of the Gargoyle.

They seek urgent reply. Will you respond?

Yours,
Dr. Johannes Feldspar

Dear Gargoyle,

I am trapped in a letter writing factory.
Please send help.

-Ben Sweeney

Dear Gargoyle,

I'm in a bit of a tight spot. Johnny law is on my tail, and the feds are setting up to pinch. Jakey Bateman woke up with a bullet in his nose and Big Benny thinks I'm the on who gave him the pick. Not much time.

-Will H

Ann Arbor Cultural Calendar

February 11-April 30

February

11 **The Macpodz**
Ann Arbor's Best Jam Band, hands down.
7pm & 9:30pm
Early show all ages welcome - $10
Late show 18+ $10/ under 21 $13

12 **Jeremy Bastian**
Creator of Cursed Pirate Girl, is doing a signing event for the release of the Trade Paperback 4-6pm

17 **LOL ROFL Winter Stand-Up Spectacular**
LOL ROFLs bi-annual comedy night, starring finalists from the MI Favorite Comic competition and maybe even a Gargoyle writer or two.
U-Club, Michigan Union
7:30pm

18 **Art Auction/Exhibition**
with the members of LLIC magazine. They'll be auctioning and selling some of the pieces from the Live Art Battle they hosted at Savoy in November.
9pm-1am

19 **Lewis Black**
Ranting and raving, Lewis Black is always funny. Let's just hope he doesn't burst a blood vessel.
8pm

26 **The Hard Lessons**
with **The Hounds Below** and **White Ravens**
$10, 18+ Doors 9:30pm

Troll 2
One of those "so-bad-its-good" movies.
"OH MY GOOOOOOOOOD"
Midnight

March

5 **Electric Six**
We interviewed them, so they must be good.
$15, 18+ Doors 9:00 pm

7 **Big, Bad Voodoo Daddy**
Remember the swing movement in the 90s? That was these guys.
8pm, $35

9 **Marcy Playground**
8 pm $17.50 Rock/Pop

10 **Red State**
with Q/A with Kevin Smith AKA Silent Bob
7:30

11-12 **The Big Lebowski**
Grab your bathrobes and White Russians and meet us for a good time.
Midnight

11 **Theo Katzman**
Former My Dear Disco Guitarist plays Soul and R&B
8pm $15

18 **Mustard Plug**
Great Ska Band from Grand Rapids
$10, 18+ Doors 9:00pm

22-27 **Ann Arbor Film Festival**
Movies and more, don't miss out.
http://www.aafilmfest.org/

25 **The Spring Standards**
Ark 8pm, $15

26 **All Hands Active**
Multimedia Exhibit and Showcase.
Electronics and hands-on fun!
3-10pm

27 **My Dear Disco**
U of M alums and national music sensations.
$12 adv./ $15 day of
All ages, Doors 8:00 pm

April

7 **Richard Ford Fiction Reading**

8 **TEDxUofM**
Largest TEDx conference ever, Great lectures, musicians, and more.
Free, www.tedxuofm.com

8-9 **Rocky Horror Picture Show**
Fishnets not optional.
Midnight

8 **Steppin' in it**
8pm $15 Roots, Swing, Blues

14 **Breathe Owl Breathe**
Best live show you will ever see.
Folk, acoustic
8pm $12.50

16 **Anaïs Mitchell**
Singer/Songwriter and Folk Artist
8pm $15

20 **The Guggenheim Grotto**
8 pm, $15 Rock&Pop

20, 22, 23 **Lightworks**
Lightworks is the Student Film Screening stuff for SAC major production classes.
6 pm - 12 am (Natural Science Auditorium)

23 **The Room**
The worst movie ever made. You'll laugh, you'll cry, you'll fall in love.
"You're tearing me apart, Lisa!"
Midnight

26 **Performance Art and Technology Showcase**
Works including live performance with electronics, electro-acoustic music, recordings, and video will be presented by current students in Performing Arts Technology.
8pm (E.V. Moore Building Britton Recital Hall)

27 **William Fitzsimmons**
8pm $15

Venues

- The Ark
- The Blind Pig
- University Musical Society
- The Michigan Theatre
- The State Theatre
- U of M Museum of Art
- Vault of Midnight

Have an event that you want on the calendar?
Email us at **gargmail@umich.edu!**

Oh, Rapture! Oh, Joy!

It's a... Correction Page!

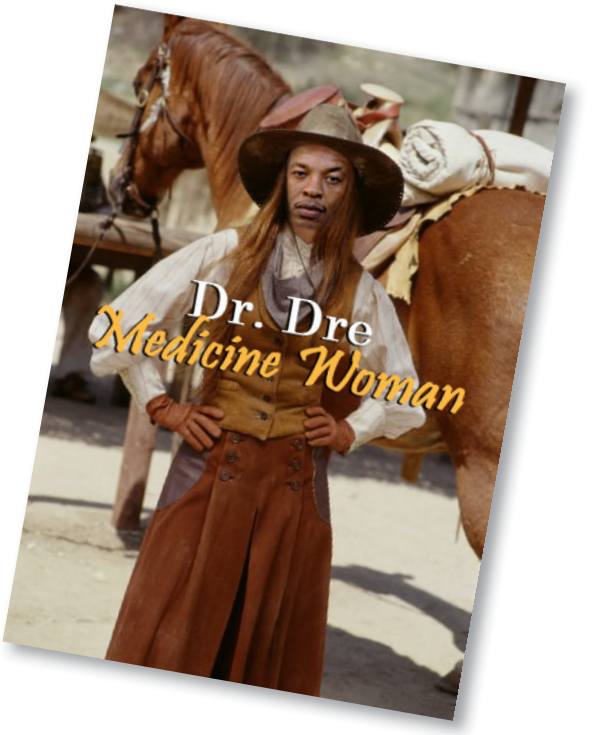
As the editor-in-chief of an upstart campus humor rag, I, David Faulkner, don't have nearly as many responsibilities as, say, the director of a nuclear power plant. This is a blessing for everyone, considering that the last issue contained – amidst our standard fare of scatological humor – fuck-ups of Snowpocalypse proportions. The nature of these fuck-ups was (mostly) not such that our readers would notice them, but was inordinately upsetting for me. The most grievous mistakes: we did not credit some of the most important contributors to the magazine. It's one thing to misspell the title of an article (Tyler Bailey's "Appropriate/Innapropriate"), or to leave off the final paragraph of a piece (Megan Mockeridge's "Smoking Ban" article), but it's entirely another to completely forget to mention the artist who designed the front cover (the unbelievably talented Rose Jaffe) or the ad on the back cover (the feisty and gifted Kristen Cleghorn), or the photographer whose work graced no less than six pages of the magazine (the Teutonic wonder that is Claire Morey). As editor-in-chief, it was my responsibility to make sure that everything was done properly and that everyone who put their time and effort into the magazine received proper credit for their hard work. I failed in that task. In an effort to correct these mistakes, I present to you a full list of my sins and errors from the last issue as well as proper attributions to the wonderful people who made that issue great:

Rose Jaffe (Front Cover Design)
Claire Morey (Photography)
Kristen Cleghorn (Back Cover Ad Design)
Misspelled Katy Lazarus' name
Misspelled the title of Tyler Bailey's piece
Left Tyler Bailey off the Masthead (though credited on his piece
Left Hanlin Yang off the Masthead
Used the wrong draft of Ross Warman's "Drag Queens" article
Used the rough draft of Allison Hawkin's Yathzee piece
Left out the last paragraph of Megan Mockeridge's "Smoking Ban" article

The staff expresses their dissappointment

The Gargoyle Saves Entertainment

It has come to the Gargoyle's attention that Hollywood needs a reboot. A revitalization, which we decided is best delivered by the staff of a mediocre college humor magazine. The following is a compilation of ideas that should be tried by the film/TV industry, spanning from nail-biting dramas to zany romps. You can thank us later.



Sixteen and Pregnant 2: Countdown to Salvation

We thought that Mary of Nazareth would be the perfect casting for a scandalous Lifetime flick. So prepare yourself for an action-packed thriller, busting at the seams with sex, drugs and possibly the Rapture.

The Newman Centipede

Jerry Seinfeld understands that revenge is a dish best served cold.

Hey Arnold! Schwarzenegger

Watch your favorite Californian Governor live the life of a ten-year old inner city child with the bedroom of a Google executive. Although his views on tax reform are slightly different.

Of Ben and Matt

John Steinbeck's classic, *Of Mice and Men*, re-vamped for Ben Affleck and Matt Damon. We'll let you deduce the role of Lenny, but needless to say that the ending is more of a relief than anything.

24 with Michael J. Fox

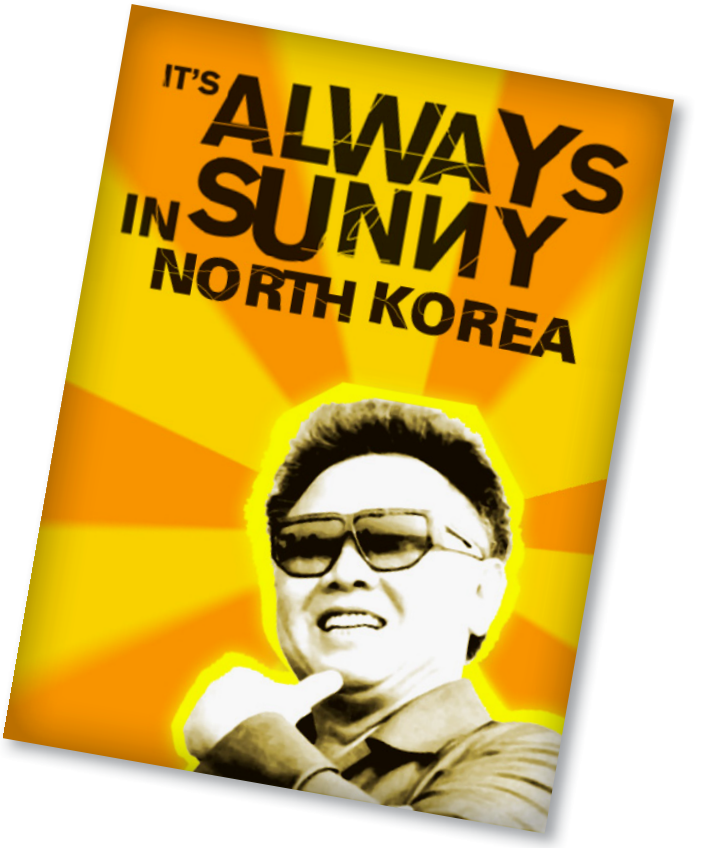
For those who think 24 is a bit slow, because it's much less interesting when the one diffusing the bomb has control over their fine motor skills. Watch with bated breath as Marty McFly takes five quivering minutes to sign a letter, apologizing to the families of dozens of innocent citizens.

Maullion Dollar Baby

If you were upset by the ending of the original with Hilary Swank, look no further. When a Grizzly bear enters the ring, there are no surprises. Clint Eastwood will be played by a sternfaced, yet compassionate, barn mouse.

Dirty Jobs with Lindsay Lohan

Because someone has to do it.



Affordable Housing

Student Co-ops!

Visit all 18 houses online

www.icc.coop

Contracts from $560/month including:

- 4 & 8 Month Contracts
- Utilities
- Internet
- Furnished Rooms
- Parking
- Coinless Laundry
- Homemade
- Diversity
- Community
- Leadership
- Student

Inter-Cooperative Council (ICC)

● www.icc.coop ● 734.662.4414 ● info@icc.coop

● 337 E. William St. Ann Arbor, MI 48104

The Social Network

RUBIN QUARCOOPOME

I awake in the night. Second time this week, I think. I'm sweating and my shirt is stuck to the mattress. I feel sick. My whole body aches.

"Damn it."

There's that pain again. That sharp, stabbing pain at the base of my neck. The markings are on fire! I run my finger along the letters burned onto my skin from the Registration. F...A...C...E...B...

"Ah!" A sharp, stabbing pain halts my hand before I can finish. The letters don't want to be felt anymore tonight. They prefer to function without my input. In the background. A permanent connection. Nonetheless, the occasional touch has become a tick – when it allows me – something that grounds me. Something that reminds me who is really in charge.

I have become used to this discomfort. Everyone who goes through the Registration soon does. I heard, in the Long Ago Time, you did this through a series of tubes. You would put down your address and a password, and then you were done. How simple. How very simple. It would all be over in a few minutes. There was one major difference, however. In the Long Ago Time before Cobra Commander Palin's failed coup, joining The Network was optional. Those with a series of tubes could join several other factions. The Blue Birds were known for their short attention spans. They turned out to just be a short-lived trend. Still, others, mostly musicians, decided to stay on their own, ignoring the changing world. They died out quickly, screaming as the world forgot about them, "At least I still have my space!" Now, however, choice had given way to... common sense. Why resist? Why fight The Network? Everyone joined, and I was no different.

The nostalgia is overwhelming now, and I slouch off the bed. My legs are so weak. So rarely used. I crawl over to my box. My box of the old me. Memories. All that remains of the dark days - my past. My imperfections. I open it and find the photo album. I have written, "Freshman Shenanigans" on it in black marker. I flip through it. Me and friends smiling at the camera. We are in the snow. I don't remember what cold feels like. In the corner, Aaron had written, "Lol, Billy looks like Ashton Kutcher!" Julie had drawn a little hand giving a thumbs-up. How primitive. I flip to another. Me, in front of the bathroom mirror. My phone took this. I remember it. I tried to look cool. My hair was slicked to the side. My shirt was off. The corners had no comments. How embarrassing. Everyone saw this. No one liked it. I have found my favorite photo. We are at the beach, smiling. I was cold that day. A nude man with a strange word carved on the back of his neck greeted us. He had been following us. An Inviter. He seemed to know our favorite movies and music. He promised groups and events we could maybe attend someday. Even if we promised to come, we didn't really have to. Community without commitment. The Network. All of us felt its call. We underwent The Registration.

The process was surprisingly quick. Just a signature in blood. And it wasn't even yours. The Network had blood to spare. Once you'd shown your interest, word was sent to The Carvers. They gave you your password. All Carvers were, by tradition, young white men. The one in our neighborhood was Mr. Franks. He had a bachelor's degree in English and, thus, had no other real career option. How was he to know English would become a dead language after the 21st Century Kim-chi Wars? Emperor Kim Jong-Un would not allow any trace of the culture his father both adored, and despised, survive. With one important exception, of course. Mr. Franks was nice. Much nicer than most Carvers. The knife he used to trace the letters on the base of my neck was uncharacteristically sharp, and he carved the two "O"s on either side of my spine. I couldn't thank him enough for that. After the Carving, The Burning would start. A match was used to cauterize each letter while the applicant would recite The Creed. I can still remember it well.

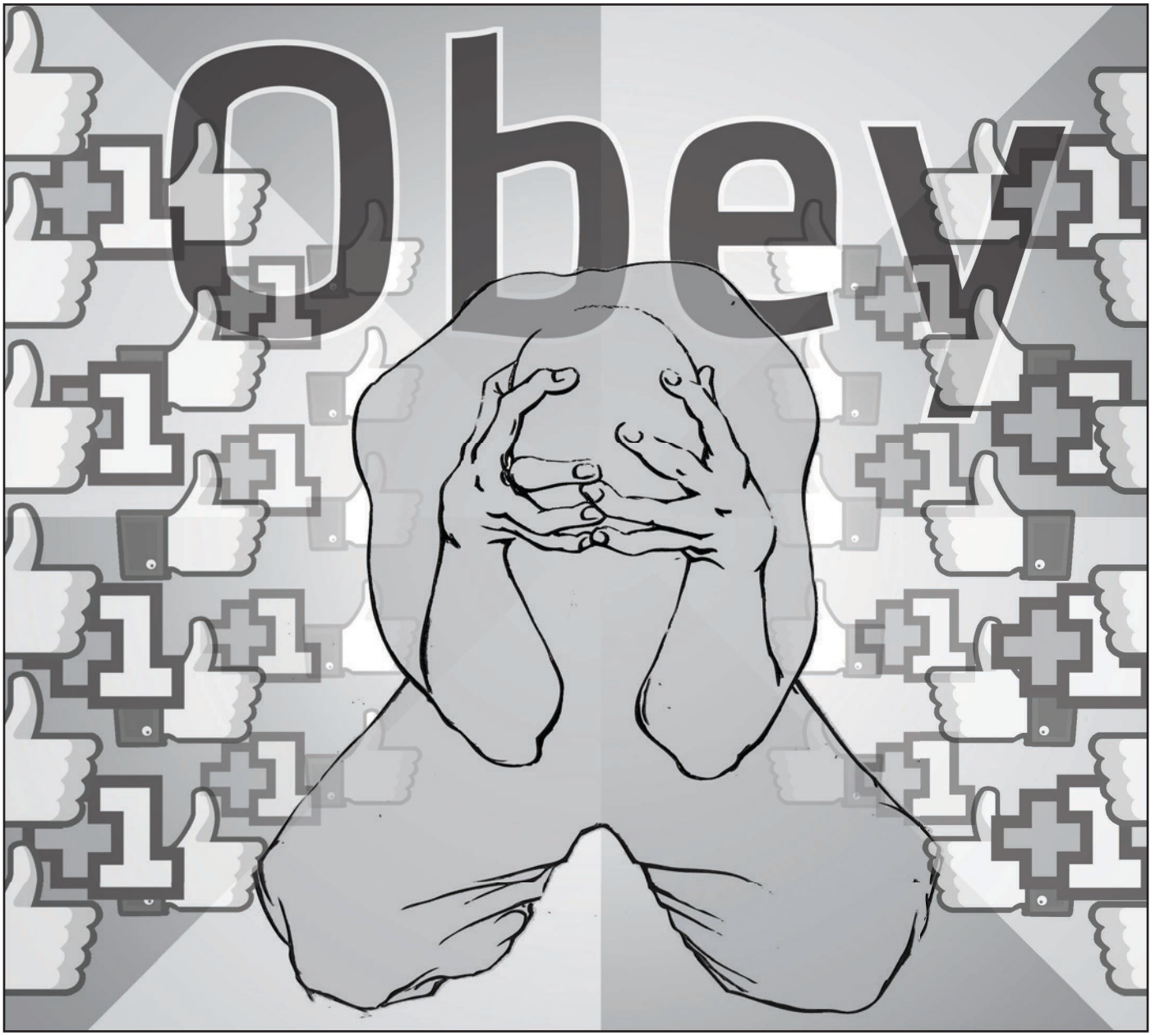
I whisper the words out loud.

"Once I connect to The Network, I may never leave.
Because no other place will love me as much.
Once I connect to The Network, I must never hide any thing from it.
Because It simply wants to know me better.
Once I connect to The Network, my creative contributions belong to The Network.
Because It wants everybody to see my beauty.
Once I connect to The Network, I must invite as many as I can.
Because It has so much love to give."

The Creed itself was the most crucial part. Far more than The Carving and even The Implantation, believe it or not. No one paid attention to it till they were older. Some old friends of mine had tried to leave The Network. Billy had been found at the bottom of a lake. He was on fire. Kimberly, under the ruins of an old store called "The Gap." I learned never to try to escape; there was simply no point. Even after the nightly Agonies started, I stayed on. They were cruel, excruciating moments of separation from The Network. When the connection was weak. When It repaired itself. Still, the pain The Deleters were said to inflict was supposed to be several times worse. They only came when members rebelled. Punishment was swift. Your flesh was destroyed. Your mind taken away in a jar. Chairman Jobs used them to create Choir PODs for the Emperor. A lifetime of singing Cher.

But tonight is different. I cannot find any comfort in The Creed. The letters are burning so fiercely. Something new is happening to me. I can feel it.

And then, I remember. I have invited my 500th member today. That is the number. The useful number. The Network cannot deny my worth now. I look at the marks on my wall. I keep time with them. It's the fourth today. Of October. Today is my special day. The Update. Nobody ever liked The Update. There were always pockets of rebellion when the time came for one. Some would simply not accept the process. Not at first, anyway. But inevitably, everyone relented. Being without The Network was far too great a price to bear.



It is my turn now. I can feel it beginning. My breath grows more rapid. The carvings on my neck are getting hotter. So hot. The burn is agonizing. I scream the only thing that can comfort me now:

"Once I connect to The Network, I may never leave. Because no other place will love me as much!"

The fiber wirings in my bone marrow from The Implantation comes alive. They twist and turn and grow and break the bones around them. With each pop my vision turns red. Notifications.

"Once I connect to The Network, I must never hide anything from it. Because It simply wants to know me better!"

I've never felt closer to The Network. I lose consciousness for minutes at a time. The feeling is so intense. Every time I awake, I feel less of the soft, weak me. I become part of the infinite.

"Once I connect to The Network, my creative contributions belong to The Network. Because It wants everybody to see my beauty!"

Oh, but I am beautiful now. I see the flesh falling to the floor in chunks. I feel the sleek metal replacement with my fingers. Sparks fly as I press down. I cannot rub anymore. But I can claw. And I do. It is ecstasy amidst the suffering. My new skin is perfect, fully formed. One worthy of The Network.

"Once I connect to The Network, I must invite as many as I can. Because It has lots of love to give!"

It is over. It is finished. We are whole. We are one with The Network. We are many. We must spread. We must invite. We must grow. We must love. Our status is... optimistic.

"The Network is vast and infinite."

We like that. ■

Happy Holigays

The Gargoyle's resident queer takes a look at gay-friendly holidays.

BY ROSS WARMAN

For any reader of the Gargoyle who identifies as gay, lesbian, bisexual, transgender, queer, and whatever else we've added to the acronym, welcome! Here at the Gargoyle, we understand how difficult it can be to find the right time to come out to family and friends. Holidays are always a popular choice, but choosing the right one is difficult. Sure, you think you want to come out during Christmas, but think about it: just how many carols use the word gay? Don't ruin your holiday season; that's what your relatives are for. Instead, try some of these more appropriate times

International Holocaust Remembrance Day (January 27th):

That's right. Lots of people seem to forget this, but anyone whose behavior was less than 96% heterosexual was shipped off to prison or the concentration camps. Even worse, they were forced to continue serving out Nazi prison sentences after the camps were freed by the Allied Forces. Worse still, everyone seemed to conveniently forget about this persecution until the 70's and 80's. Sure, they tossed up a few monuments, but the Jews got an entire country! (I'm still holding out for Fagistan, the most fabulous of the -stans.) Gays got screwed in terms of reparations, so don't hesitate for a second to play the Holocaust card. Are your friends uncomfortable? Nazis. Your parents think it's just a phase? Nazis. A black Jewish mentally handicapped gypsy questions your right to marry? Hitler. It's impossible to trump.

World Animal Day (October 4th):

Within the gay community, there is a lot of animal-related nomenclature. For instance, everyone knows that a "bear" is a hairy and heavy-set or stocky man. But less people know that an "otter" is an equally hairy man with a more athletic, swimmer build. Or that an "ostrich" is a tall thin man with large eyes and powerful legs. Did any of you know that a "leopard" is a gay man with leprosy? Or that an "angler fish" is an older gay man who lures impressionable youths to himself with a glow stick on the end of a fishing pole? Today is about being whichever freakishly specific animal best describes your fetishistic appeal.

Great October Soviet Revolution (November 7th Gregorian Calendar):

Older generations are often uncomfortable with LGBTQ persons due to a combination of ignorance and fear. So you need something that people are even more terrified by: communists! Sure, you may be a lesbian, but at least you aren't a Communist planning to brutally overthrow the government! Publicly decry the tragedy of the Russian Revolution and make it known how proud you are America accepts people of all orientations. No one will be willing to argue with you, for fear of agreeing with the Soviets. Hell, being gay is one the easiest ways to prove you aren't a Ruskie. So go suck a dick. For America.

Halloween (October 31st):

Disguising who you are is one of the key aspects of Halloween. But nothing is played straight anymore. Instead, you can embrace your inner hipster and be who you actually are! Halloween is also about anonymous sex, perfect for the discerning Republican Senator.

Sibling's Wedding (Soon, if your mother has anything to say about it):

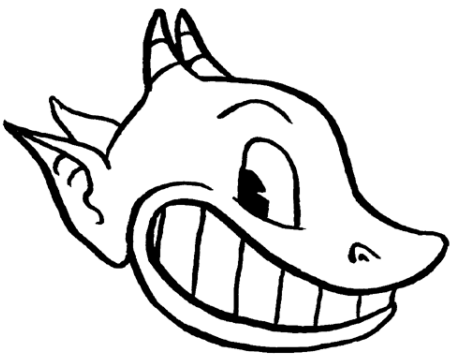
Congratulations! Your breeder sibling is entering into a marriage, the social contract designed fully for the sole purpose of procreation. Accordingly, the burden of producing any progeny has been lifted from you! As long as your parents know that someone in the family will provide them with some grandchildren to dote on, you're in the clear. Enjoy your newly single and open life and leave the baby making to your family. And don't be afraid to give them a little help! Spike the cake with fertility drugs, sabotage condoms, and play an all Barry White soundtrack at the reception. Anything to make sure they make a baby, so you don't have to. Because the reproductive process is fucking terrifying.

Groundhog Day (February 2nd):

This one is a little complicated. The "Groundhog" referred to in the name is actually a secret gay rite of passage. You didn't think they built an entire holiday around some idiotic rodent and its shadow? Let me tell you what it's actually about: You show up at the [redacted] around 4:37 A.M. You are then immediately [redacted] by three Swedish [redacted], each more [redacted] than the last. Following the de-[redacted] ritual, you join in a rousing mash-up of Celtic folk songs, J.Biebs, and dubstep, all composed by former President [redacted] on his deathbed. After the [redacted] is implanted deep into your lower [redacted], you are dumped unconscious into the lobby of a random Fortune 500 Company wearing only a [redacted] kimono. This day is a natural choice to come out on.

Lorixthial (֍‡❁۞†):

The unborn will weep tears of fire. The sickly mule shall hitch his human master to the plow and will till the fields of the damned. As the mountains are leveled, the oceans boiled, and the heavens themselves are torn asunder, the Spider Queen will cross the celestial void and from her eldritch spinnerets will shoot forth unholy webs signifying the end of man's rule on Earth. This is the day of absolute judgment and rebirth. Those who survive are her chosen ones. Should you be among them, your secrets will be laid bare by your new collective mind.



Learn to Love Through Learning:

Great Activities for Seduction

BY NIKITA DESAI

1. Autopsy

Nothing is more romantic than hearts – fresh hearts after a myocardial infarction with aortal blockage, that is. Teach that sweet thing the best scalpel to use for a sterile Y-incision and they will shag you right then and there. You know better than anyone else that life is short and death is ugly. Remind them that they won't be a hottiehottie once rigor mortis sets in and that even a paper bag on the head won't cover up the smell of formaldehyde and decaying flesh.

2. Candlestick Maker

Men, have you ever wondered why we ladies love candles so much? We put that shit everywhere. Bedrooms, bathrooms, cars, offices, the inside of piñatas. Smells like candles. Want to know the secret? We're not actually that into sniffing wax. It's the phallic imagery. Women go nuts for anything shaped like a penis. Get her in a chandlery making those mini-cocks and she won't be able to resist sucking yours.

Ladies, do you know what the biggest turn on is for guys? Lard. True story. They'll be all over you like tallow on a wick. On the off-chance that your man isn't a candle chaser, the repetitive in and out motion will surely get him thinking about going in and out of your downtown lounge.
*Note: Don't try this with Jewish people.

3. Cleaning Fish

If oysters are an aphrodisiac, then fish are like a bag of feral cats to the crotch. Cradle your beloved gently in your arms as you slowly, painstakingly, remove every tiny bone from a ten pound trout. If they get a scale in their finger, suck it out. An important tip is to be resourceful – fish oil is not only great for your skin, it also makes a handy lubricant in a pinch.

4. Bee Keeping

Want a fun chance to show your special someone your mastery over bees? Make a little honey with your honey and show them why they call it the birds and the bees. Buzz in their ear as you remove honeycombs, and when they get all freaked out, comfort them with your sticky embrace. Bee keeping is a great romantic activity for those with body issues. Those suits smooth out any unsightly lumps or bumps – like that goiter on your neck – and make everyone look like a supermodel. A supermodel in a canvas beekeeping suit.

5. Shoe Polishing

Take your prospective conquest to work and seduce them with this one. They'll get so high off of the polish fumes that they'll agree to anything you tell them to do. Teach them the delicate art of shoe maintenance and not only will they get to sleep with you, they'll also have a practical skill for when they graduate with a B.A. in Interpretive Dance. If you can successfully get them on their knees at the airport, then there's no telling what else they'll do for fifty cents.

6. Babysitting

Truth be told, this one sucks. Porn has lied to you. There's nothing romantic about poop and vomit, even if you do have a weird 2 Girls 1 Cup fetish. If you resort to this scenario, give up. Just buy a prostitute to hold you while you cry for an hour then go home.

My Roommate's Pheromones

BY JACQUI SHAGIAN

My decision to bottle and sell my roommate's pheromones wasn't purely financial. I sincerely thought the world would be a better place if all females could exude sexual irresistibility without having to get dressed, comb their hair, sleep, or maintain any other basic human functions.

At the beginning of freshman year I observed for months, with increasing curiosity, the effect she had on all members of the male population that came into contact with her and determined that her scent was the only explanation. From afar, she went as unnoticed as anyone else, but when a gentle breeze caught her aroma all men downwind trailed after her in a fumbling stupor. She was the Pied Piper of frat bros.

I knew how wildly rich the person who managed to bottle her essence would become, and began to devise my recipe. I worked in secret, though I was fairly certain that she would never suspect a humanities major of undertaking such an operation. I'm sure she thought she was imagining things when her dirty underwear and the hair from her brush started disappearing. I boiled her personal effects as she slept off hangovers using a chemistry set I received for my sixth birthday and vague instructions from a paperback copy of Perfume: The Story of a Murderer. I knew if I bottled her addictive odor, every woman who could afford three easy payments of $19.99 would clamor to purchase her gaseous powers to lure, control, and destroy men by the dozens.

Once I had produced the first batches of what I titled *Eau de Formicidae*, I began selling it to other freshmen girls living in South Quad. They displayed some reluctance in believing my claims, but I have found that, overall, females in the LSA Honors Program will attempt just about anything to reach the level of attractiveness necessary to have someone to make out with at Shady Phi parties. At first my case studies were thrilled with the results and I nodded knowingly as they rattled off their latest conquests. I congratulated myself for my philanthropic deeds, but I knew the perfume could be better. When my roommate began to curb her alcohol consumption in favor of actually studying, I had to move my laboratory into the community bathroom. I'm not sure if she thought I hated her, had chronic dysentery, or both, but the more obsessively I worked, the more intoxicating the results.

The possibility that I could study English without resigning myself to future poverty completely engrossed me. I spent hours locked in the bathroom stall distilling perspiration, but had failed to consider the consequences of my actions. Slowly I began to notice that the women who wore my perfume had stopped subscribing to their previous hygienic routines. My paranoia increased as I observed large groups of females on campus with wild hair, wearing a strange combination of pajama pants and blouses, bragging about how long they had gone without showering. Female confidence soared, while sobbing lovesick males flooded the CAPS office. The university continued to congratulate itself for embracing diversity despite the homogenization taking place amongst its women.

Though I had become a multimillionaire in my first semester, having replicated carbon copies of my roommate for monetary gain, the happiness of ugly chicks began to weigh on my conscience. Could she perceive that I had turned the female population of the University of Michigan into an army of her clones? Would she be pissed and force me to sleep in the hallway if she did? Would fate punish me for my humanities degree anyway? ■

Dear MSNBC,

It's Chris Hansen. Remember me? We used to make a great team. I can't believe that after all I'd done for you, you went and cancelled "To Catch A Predator." I used to live for the thrill of catching pedophiles. No feeling will ever compare to the one I used to get when I saw the perverse joy slowly drain from a greasy, balding, overweight kiddy-diddler's face as he realized that his life was more fucked than that 12-year-old child was about to be. I used to think my job was to keep these men off the streets and America's children safe in our hearts and homes. But now I know better.

I don't give two shits about the children. The only joy in my otherwise dismal existence is getting back at creepy old men. You see, I was an ugly kid. It hurt when the other kids used to make fun of me, but the last straw was when the neighborhood pedophile rejected me. All of the other kids got free candy and rides in the back of his van, but not me. My face was so ass-ugly that even a creeper desperate enough to target children wouldn't touch me. So I grew up harboring this grudge, and became the pedo-catching legend I am today. Who cares if the whole reason I catch these men is to satisfy a twisted case of jealousy thirty years in the making? The people love the show. That's why I want to take it to the next level. Consider some of these proposals, and I'm sure we'll get right back to destroying the lives of these sick, sick, men for all to see. In true American fashion.

Proposal 1: Presents from a Predator

As you know, in previous installments of To Catch a Predator we would have the unsuspecting would-be child molester bring an item at the child's request. Items such as condoms, alcohol, or treats were used to show that the predator had intentions to make sweet, sweet love to the helpless child. I see this as an opportunity wasted. Child molesters are among the most desperate beings on planet earth, so it is only natural that they would bring almost anything. A 1:20 scale model of the Lincoln memorial? Of course. Five types of exquisite French cheeses? Yep, that too. A signed 1986 Barry Bonds rookie card? On its way. Limp Bizkit's Greatest Hits on vinyl, and a teddy bear sculpture made entirely of ice? Why the fuck not!? As long as it increases the chances of getting their pedo-junk handled by a naive little girl, they'll bring it. We can even take viewer suggestions and ask the predators to bring our favorites. The best part of this proposal – It can be combined with any of my other ideas for even more endlessly humiliating entertainment. You may ask what will be done with the presents. Should we donate them to an orphanage? Sell them to make money for our cause? Fuck no. Each present will be dipped in liquid gold and engraved with the Predator's name and date of capture. Since the law does not allow me to legally keep humans captive, I will keep these artifacts instead to remind me of each successful capture.

Proposal 2: Predator vs. Predator

Do you know what's better than watching a predator try in vain to have sex with an innocent little girl? Watching TWO predators competing in vain to have sex with the SAME innocent little girl! Here's how it'll go down: We invite two predators to the same house, at the same time and instruct them to enter through two different doors. Upon entering the house, they will find themselves in a two-man cagefight to the death where they are told the survivor will be able to take advantage of the small child that they were promised upon arrival. The amount of heart that these two horny old men will fight with would rival the beatings they would receive in prison for their filthy addiction. No, we won't actually let the winner have sex with an underage child. Instead, the winner of this punishing presentation of pedophile pummeling will be given a free ticket to a Disney theme park or ice show of his own choice, before being sent off to a maximum security prison of *my* choice.

Proposal 3: Predator Gladiator

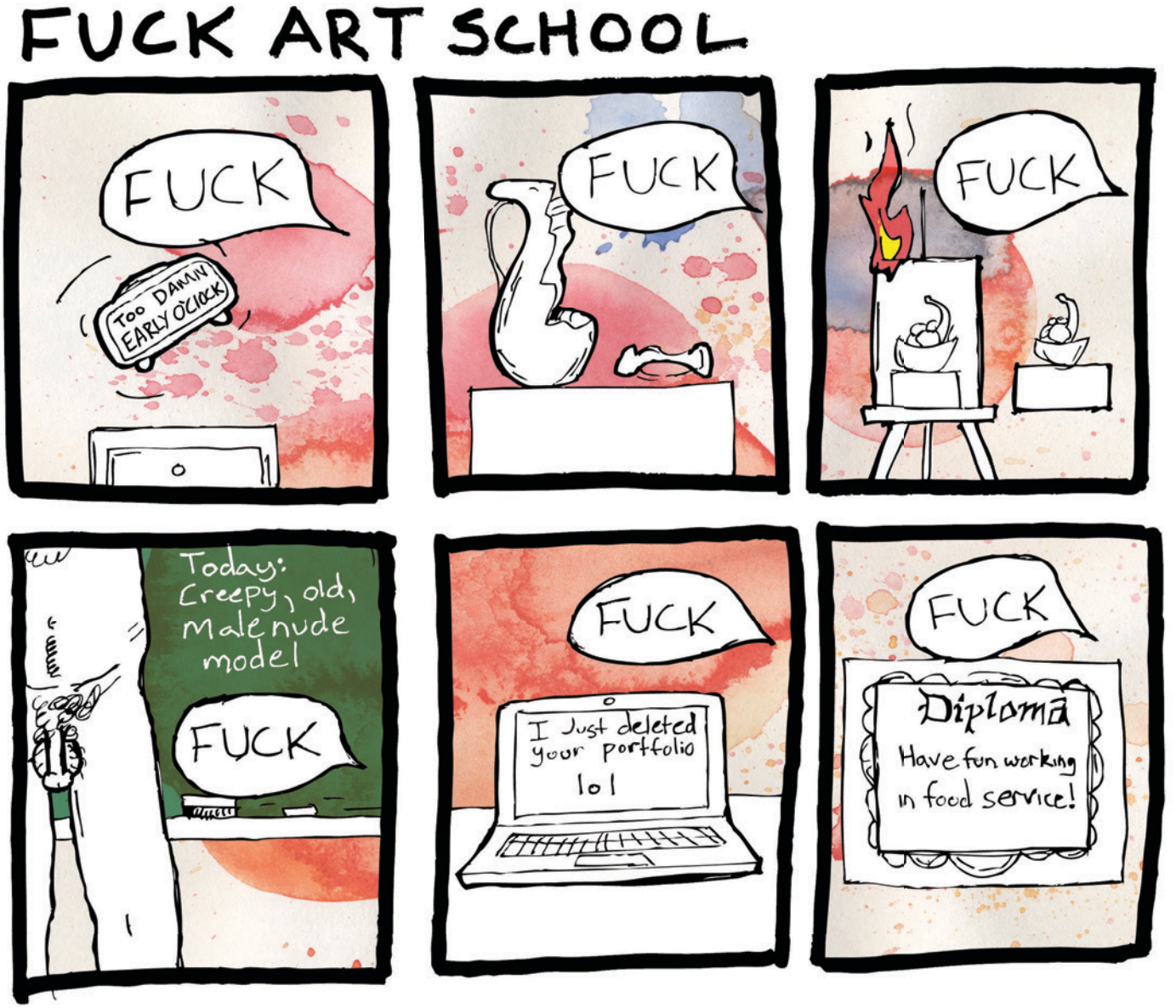
Playing out like a sadistic mix of Saw and the classic childhood game Mousetrap, this version has all the fun of an obstacle course served with a side of perverted justice. Our unsuspecting victim will be locked inside the house upon arrival. But this time, instead of being greeted by another sweaty dude with a look of desire twinkling in his beady eyes, he will meet his match when he comes face to face with a metal monstrosity that predator nightmares are made of.

If they somehow manage to evade the countless booby traps and other obstacles set up around our literal trap house, these men will only get a small glimpse of freedom before they are tackled enthusiastically by our waiting police force and most likely brutally beaten, off camera of course. And because physical pain isn't nearly half the fun without added psychological trauma, each predator's trip through our nightmare house will be accompanied by a soundtrack of crying children and voices telling them that they are the scum of the earth.

Proposal 4: So I Married A Predator/Predator Swap

This next proposal is sure to bring the American viewing public together, at the expense of an unfortunate handful of families. Nothing is more entertaining than years of marriage ruined in an instant of smelly old boners driven by preteen lust. This proposal is sure to endear audiences nationwide. In this version, we will capture the predator's family members, and have them waiting at our house instead of a useless decoy that isn't fooling anyone, or at least anyone smart enough to avoid soliciting 12-year-olds for sex online. The predator will approach our house with a look of pure ecstasy on his face, nearly creaming his pants at the thought of the events to come. He will then walk in expecting a girl who's hotter, readier, and most likely younger than a Little Caesar's pizza. His 2-inch pedoboner will do a 180, and probably never emerge again. His face will twist into a grotesque display of shame, horror, and realization. His spouse, mother, or, in the best-case scenario, his own preteen daughter will be so overcome with fury and disgust that their screams will reach decibel levels unrivaled by jet engines and heavy metal concerts alike. His brain will most likely go into shock from the psychological impact of what has just occurred. And I, along with the American public, will laugh like the sick bastard I am.

BY TYLER BAILEY



Hot Sister

BY BEN SCHLANGER

"So, dude, what's it like to have a hot sister?

Is it weird to admit that your sister is hot? Like, if someone says, 'your sister is pretty cute,' what do you say?

Is it something you notice? Like, on certain days when she's looking particularly good, do you think, 'damn, she looks gorgeous?' Does that thought ever occur? Do you feel kind of weird when you realize what you just thought?

Is your perception of other girls' beauty skewed because you have a hot sister? Like, you grew up living with a really hot chick. So let's say your sister is a nine out of ten. When you see an eight, do you just go, 'meh, she's alright?' Does it confuse you when an eight walks in and all the other dudes in your mechanical engineering class either slick back their hair and smile or nervously shrink in their seats and sneak a bunch of quick glances?

Do you ever blush or anything when your sister hugs you or holds your hand while saying grace or whatever?

When she goes on a date, are you jealous of the guy she's going with? Especially if you've never gone out with a girl as hot as your sister?

Does she have a boyfriend? Can you give her my number?"

Uh-ohhh ladies.....
Missing your Aunt Flo?

"Am I pregnant? How far along?" ... We'll tell you for free.
FREE PREGNANCY TESTING & ULTRASOUND

@ STATE & LIBERTY BELOW STARBUCKS

ArborVitae

(734) 994-8863 • ArborWoman.com

Liberty Street
across from The Necto.
FREE 1/2 HOUR OF GAMING | 'TIL 10PM SU-WE, 12AM TH-SA
redeem this flier intact | limit one per month
longer sometimes if you beg for it.
Digital Ops
North America's Oldest Network Gaming Center
Powered by:
MYTHLOGIC
www.digitalops.com | 734.994.1595 | 525 e. liberty st.

Your Pizza Toppings

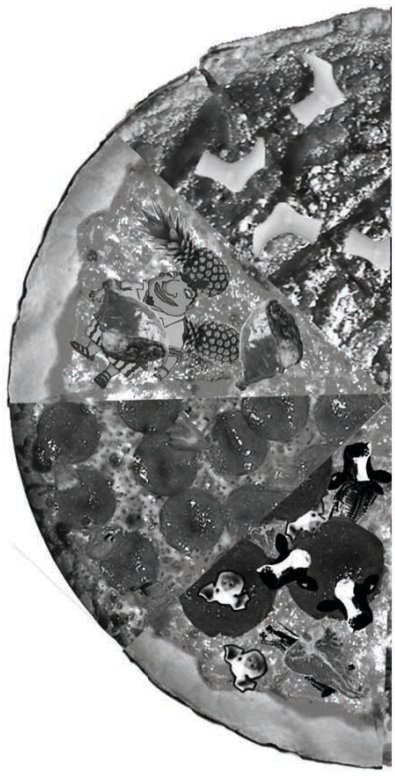
And What They Say About You

BY KYLE LANDGRAF

Along with gaydar, knowledge of pizza toppings is one of those few abilities coveted above all others when it comes to superficially judging people, or so we've been told. Forget palm reading and astrology. Those are last century's techniques. Nothing impresses a woman more than critiquing/analyzing her pizza toppings, except maybe pulling an RV out of a ditch with your teeth. But let's face it, you probably have neither the dental fortitude, nor the kickass mobile home to pull off such a feat. You do, however, have this article that you're really only half reading while you wait for class to start. PAY ATTENTION FUCKER!!! Forget about Oceanography. Every question in that class can be answered with the term "subtropical gyre." There's important stuff here. Learn what kind of person you/someone else is using only pizza!

Chicago Deep Dish

- You are: Someone who wants to eat quickly and constantly be full.
- Likes to: Make sarcastic "vomit-noises" when people mention New York Style Pizza.
- Sexual fetish: New York Style Pizza.
- Favorite Book: Journey to the Center of the Earth. That's how deep you like it.
- Most likely to: Make wheezing noises whenever you stand up.



Ham and Pineapple

- You are: One person that we can securely say ISN'T Hawaiian.
- You said: "It has fruit on it. So it's healthy right?"
- You spend your day: Pregaming.
- Interesting fact: Ancient Hawaiians have a legend about your pizza. Like most ancient Hawaiian legends, it ends with a volcano making love to the ocean.
- Typical morning: Waking up with dicks drawn on your face ("Real mature guys!")

New York Style

- You are: Walking here, you stupid cannoli. Despite such verbiage, not Italian (they like good pizza).
- You spend your day: Making pizza porn for deep dish fans. "Schlepping."
- Favorite Song: "Poker Face" – Lady Gaga ("She totally invented avant garde pop music bro!")
- Most likely to: Not understand what avant garde means. Call something "mad funny bro."

Meat Lovers

- You are: More interesting than plain cheese, with enough questionable meat to put a petting zoo out of business. A person who loves pure, unadulterated, greasy meat in and around his/her (ok, fine, his) mouth.
- Prefers: A constant stool cycle coupled with persistent acne, sweat, and horrific meat-induced nightmares. Oh the nightmares…
- Favorite Book: *The Jungle*, strangely enough.
- Favorite Song: "Jump Around" – House of Pain.
- Most likely to: Soil yourself while dancing, blame it on the girl next to you, then waddle away like goddamn James Bond would if he was as pathetic as you.

Cheeseburger

A rare pizza for the survivalist in all of us. The sheer amount of cheese on this pizza assures you'll be eating like a king for months afterwards. Fan of bowel movements? Forget about it. This pie's got you covered. Seriously, you should order this. You won't regret it.*

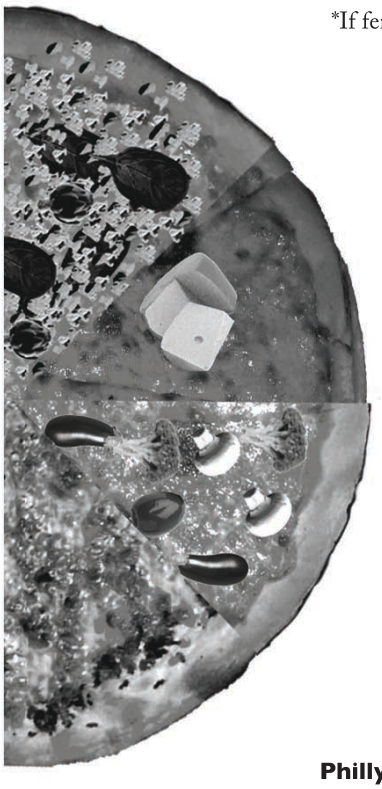
*Note the Gargoyle is not responsible for any regret/intestinal damage you probably will feel as a result from ordering this pizza.

Big Sausage Pizza

Based on what may be one of the highest production value porn sites since dickinapopcornbox.gov, this odd pizza is catered to the fan of deceptively erotic food. Also dicks. While it may be illegal and morally disgusting for a pizza delivery guy to present his dick via a carefully placed hole in a box to a scantily clad woman in real life, you can still pay homage to that "dick-encrusted-with-cheese" dream that every man has (don't deny it pussy) with a whole sausage baked right into the pie. Right in there!

California Style

• You are: A typical West coast elitist. Just like your pizza you are thin, pretentious, and only white people like you. Probably uncircumcised,* definitely bi-sexual.
• Favorite Beer: Beer? No thanks… I only drink wine.
• Favorite Song: "Santeria" - Sublime
• Interesting Fact: You still like Sublime even though you're out of high school.
*If female, you have a masculine name like Kris, Elliott, Dani, or Charlie.



Plain Cheese

• You are: The least interesting person in the world. (Think the Dos Equis guy with a comb over and a much smaller sense of self-worth.)
• Most likely to: Drink half a warm Diet Coke with your pizza, pour the rest out, watch "CSI Miami" reruns, then fall asleep.
• Interesting Facts: Good one.
•Most likely to: Give your cat double treats for being such a good girl. Yes she is.

Vegetarian

• You are: Trying to impress a vegetarian. Stop it. She really has no interest in you. We've checked. She likes that aloof guy with no future.
• Also stop commenting on her facebook page. It's getting weird.
• Favorite Song: "Every Breath you Take" – The Police
• Most likely to: Offer to be the camera guy.

Philly Cheese Steak

• You are: An indecisive glutton. C'mon man! A pizza and a cheese steak? That's two meals! We're at war damnit!
• Favorite things: Fantasy football, conversations about gas prices, sudden bouts of biblical diarrhea, and disliking foreigners.
• Favorite Song: "More than a Feeling" – Boston
• Sexual fetish: Philly Sports
• Biggest Regret: Philly Sports

The Gargoyle's Guide to Romance:

Finding Love in the Library

BY DAN GANTMAN

Hitting on cute sorority girls with nice butts or men with hot Latino tans can be intimidating, especially if you tend to come off as a creeper or Jewish. It is easier, however, than you would think. You only have to be in the right place and time. Let me fill you in on a secret: this place is the UGLI and that time is when a hot mama asks you to watch her laptop. While she is running off to shit, smoke, or grab some printed papers, you are guarding one of her most prized possessions – her instantaneous access to giant penis porn and social network virtual drama.

This is quite the advantageous position to be put in and a better situation than trying to work drunken game at frat parties with your skinny arms and social inexperience. While frat parties do have sexy honey bunnies and seasoned man meat shaking on the dance floor, you will not find the opportunity to guard their gateway to the social world, nor their collection of giant penis porn. Let's face the facts, if you are chosen to watch some rando's laptop, he or she wants you. Now is your time to shine. Remember that you still have the option of stealing the laptop if you do not feel an attraction, but if you're set on seduction, here are a few cost effective strategies to use to accelerate your reproductive success.

For Men

- Go on her Facebook, cancel her relationship with her boyfriend, and send yourself a relationship request. She will thank you for saving her the time of doing it herself.
- Throw in the second season of Gossip Girl. She will be impressed how quickly you can set the mood.
- Punch yourself in the face. When she comes back explain you fought a black guy to protect it.
- Poop in her chair, then clean it up and admit to what you did. She will be impressed at how much of a gentle man you are.
- Put Mardi Gras beads on her.
- Show off your math ability by finishing her math home work (guaranteed at least a HJ).
- Color over her keyboard with a marker and tell her that you were just trying to be playful. Girls love this kind of thing.
- Compliment her on how great she would be as a mother.
- Look up her number on Facebook and text her that her laptop is safe and sound with your security (add :):) :);) to the text for extra spice).
- Open your mouth and show her your tongue work out.
- Hire a real security guard to watch her laptop.
- Show her your wiener.

For Ladies

- Show him your tits.
- Give him your number.
- Whip your hair back and forth.
- Suggest you two engage in sex.
- Show him how deep you can stick his pen in your mouth.
- Draw a picture of princess Leia giving him a blowjob (especially works on engineers).
- Peel an orange and offer it as a gift.
- Before he returns dress up as a member of KISS (hopefully he will understand your symbolism).
- Offer to clean his room.
- When he comes back ask him if he knows where the best dildo shop is located.
- Clean the keyboard with an air compressor.
- Show him your tits (again, if all else fails).

Next Issue:

Creative places to put your penis, and common things to avoid putting in your vagina.

Five Guys: COMING SOON

BY ALLIE SEEKELY

If you haven't been living under a rock this year, you've noticed that on State Street, Five Guys are coming soon. You've seen where they're coming, but no one knows when they will come. In an attempt to dig up some information about the new restaurant, Gargoyle recently spoke with future manager Takashi Bukkake.

"Please stop asking about when Five Guys will come. These things cannot be rushed."

Left hung out to dry, we asked students on campus to gauge the arousal of excitement caused by Five Guys.

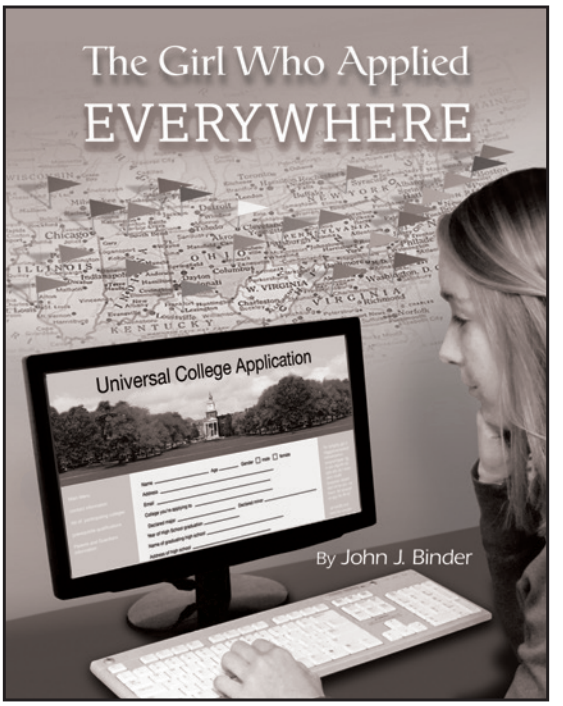
"The last time Five Guys was in my mouth, it was amazing," commented Freshman Rob Davis. "Five Guys tastes soooooo good."

"Five Guys has unparalleled girth," said Junior Billy Kermath, "and I gotta say, I'm not a fan. It's just way too much meat for this mouth."

"Personally, I can't wait to slip my tongue in between the buns of Five Guys," commented freshman Ross Warman.

John J. Binder's:

The Girl Who Applied Everywhere



The Girl Who Applied Everywhere is a difficult book to put your finger on. It takes you through the challenges of a young woman who faces off against the often-dreaded college application process, from the first anxieties of getting "advice" from all sides, to her final decision. But this is no ordinary bid for collegiate acceptance! Sarah Jennings attempts to defy the soul-crushing application process by applying to 101 of the best universities in the country during the fall semester of her Senior year of high school. Luckily, she has help from her close friends, Rob Taylor and Carrie Wilson, as well as family members, and high school staff members.

By following Sarah on her journey through the application process, Binder deftly examines the quirky and wholly illogical process imposed upon those who want to better themselves through higher education. However, his presentation of this appealing and juicy topic is not packaged in a readily consumable way. In fact, while I'm sure his intentions are good, it is at first difficult to discern who his target audience really is. Initially, I expected this tome to be some sort of non-fictional collection of accounts peppered with hindsight advice, ala *Chicken Soup for the Soul*, and while this is actually a fictional account based on second-hand real experiences, it can still offer advice and solace to those who are or will be overwhelmed by the stresses of the application process. Additionally, it offers points of reflection and clarification for us students who have gone through the process and still do not feel quite satisfied with the utter futility of their choices, many of which, were overridden by the arbitrary decisions of admissions office lackeys. Unfortunately, this does not become apparent until after the reader slogs through the first seven chapters of slightly disjointed exposition vignettes.

In these first seven chapters, it is difficult to see what Binder is getting at, regardless of the story's obvious goal and narrative. Admittedly, the stories are amusing if they are taken all at once. But the only relevant nugget I gleaned from the first quarter of the book was the anxiety that the stories brought back to mind from my own experiences in the application process. Beyond the impetus of this anxiety to maintain interest, some readers might struggle to find the author's dangling hook and wouldn't continue on into the meat of the story, given the disjointedness of the stories and the stiff style in which Binder executes his dialogue.

The dialogue is somewhat robotic throughout the book, although the general story becomes more engaging when Sarah actually starts applying to schools. The banter, which might fit in an old point-and-click adventure game, reveals a naivety and lack of understanding the author has of his characters. While this is certainly not surprising, given the difficult characters that Binder strives to create, it does result in dialogues written in a style very similar to what I would expect out of a college entry exam. This disconnect from his characters also allows the author to deal with and poke fun at the parts of applications that warrant criticism due to their inherent over-generalization and categorization of the applicants, such as race and ethnicity classifications and socioeconomic groupings.

The manner in which Binder portrays minority characters, through goofy and over-dramatic stereotypes, reflects the arbitrary racial and ethnic groupings that students must be segregated into on applications for the supposed purpose of offering equal chances at higher education. This ridiculous and short-sighted form of segregation, which we have seen here at Michigan in the form of "Affirmative Action", is satirized even more grossly in the story Sarah's 1/8th Native American friend R. E. Taylor. His quest for collegiate acceptance reminds the reader that everyone is equal in the eyes of our fair and just government, except all of those groups whose ancestors were severely mistreated by it.

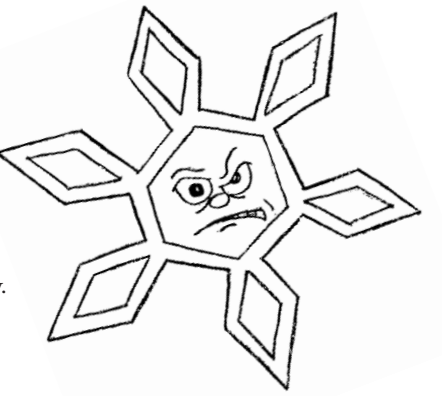
In dealing with issues of the wealth of his audience and his characters, Binder is, again, a bit off. He assumes that the parents of readers can pay for, and have a plan to pay for, the education of their children. This certainly colors how he depicts Sarah's choice of which schools to apply to, even though he insists that cost was a factor in her decisions. Still, from the point of view of the Gargoyle staff, which contains too many kids who are paying their own way, the amount of money spent on applications, rewards, prom, and Sarah's education seems unrealistically high to engage the majority of what we guess the book's target audience is likely to be. Luckily, Binder is saved again by the effectiveness with which his presentation of these monetary issues parodies the more pretentious college applications.

So why is the Gargoyle reviewing this book? It's true, neither the product nor our review of it fits into the general type of humor we purvey. However, we at the Gargoyle hope that this experience can be an exercise in reflexive humor: You, our lovely readers, can laugh at your own experiences with the application process and the subsequent *lack* of connection that your college career has had with anything related to your application. We will laugh at our own efforts in writing when comparing it to the subtly clever prose of Binder's tome, as well as our wasted efforts in doing anything other than writing dick jokes since we were accepted at Michigan. Binder will probably laugh last about how he got free advertising for his book. ■

Review By Samuel Shingledecker

An Open Letter to Humanity

FROM SNOW



I see you there. Sitting cozily in your room, swaddled in onion-like layers of pajama and blanket. Every so often you look up from your computer and glance out your window.

"It's snowing," you think to yourself, taking a sip from a mug of hot chocolate. "How beautiful."

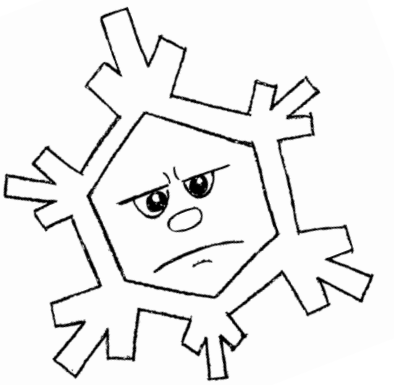
You prop your feet up on a strategically positioned soft cushion and return to browsing the internet, a contented smile on your face.

Do you have any idea what my life is like? Have you ever contemplated the mechanics of snowfall? Have you ever stopped as you were packing a snowball and thought to yourself: "Thank you, snow. You've really been doing a bang-up job here. You deserve a massage for your hard work. Or maybe some scented body-soap. Would you like to come in and watch sitcoms with me?"

Of course you haven't. Not since the last snow-worshipping cult died out (due to hypothermia) have I been shown an ounce of respect. This is why I have decided to write you this note.

Being all the world's snow isn't as simple as falling gracefully to the ground, spinning and twinkling like Lady Gaga's personal flock of dreidels. My work isn't glamorous at all. Do you know how much planning goes into orchestrating the perfect snowfall? Can you fathom the hours it takes to plot the trajectory of each snowflake to create a seamless frosting-like coating of your lawns, driveways, and topiary weasels?

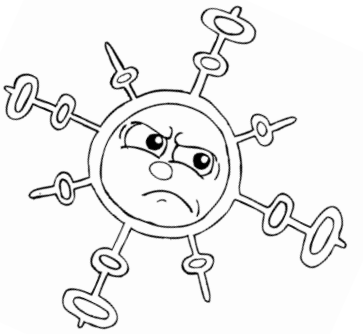
Not to mention the other things I have to settle on. Do you think it is pleasant to fall on your flatulent landfills and small piles of dog excrement? You could at least make the slightest effort to clean the place up a bit. I've been doing my job long before you invented non-biodegradable "Hello Kitty" condoms and will be for the many eons it will take them to decay. Speaking of global crises, don't remind me of your contributions to global warming; I've got an entire wildlife refuge to cover, and it takes at least three hours to get the eye lashes of the buffalo nice and crusted.



I haven't even brought up the salt yet. When I have put in all of the effort to fall gracefully to earth, I like to land gently, and slowly melt with the spring thaws. When I land on salt, it is as if my very being is punted, flaming, into the afterlife by crystals that look like they belong in a crack pipe.

Excuse my harsh words. I had to settle on several hundred forests this morning while many of you were still asleep. I do have to thank your logging industry for making my job the slightest bit easier through mass deforestation, but still, painstakingly coating several billion branches with delicate patterns tends to leave me a tad grouchy.

Oh dear, look at the time. I could continue to inform you of the ways you make me filthier every day, but I need to delay several flights and bury a monastery. I'd like to leave you with the following thoughts:



1. Urinating on me is humiliating for both of us.
2. Please drink responsibly. The above still holds true, no matter how drunk you may be.
3. If you have to decimate another species, please make it pine trees. Coating their needles is like climbing up a slip n' slide made of pointy butter.
4. Try and look happy once in a while as you scrape me from your driveways. Being pelted with your nose-drippings is bad enough.

S.

P.S. Due to all of the pollutants your smokestacks spew into me, I am now more toxic than lead paint. I hope your children eat me.

BY AMELIA JOSSELYN BENNETT

Obituary

Four Loko:

BY MICHAEL PATRICK STEPHENS

It has come to our attention that campus celebrity Four Loko, originally of Columbus, Ohio passed away at the tender age of five on December 4th, 2010. We apologize for the lateness of this announcement, but today everyone finally sobered up for the first time since November.

Four Loko was born in 2005, the product of a miraculous conception – not dissimilar to that of Jesus Christ or Morgan Freeman. But the miracle of Four Loko's birth cannot simply be attributed to God knocking up a chick (or, in Morgan Freeman's case, knocking up a male lion who was also a professional wrestler, ninja, rocket scientist, and brain surgeon). Rather, his birth was miraculous because it was created by three Ohio State alumni, marking the first occasion of OSU graduates accomplishing something that actually had a significant impact on the world. You know, other than killing and raping a bunch of people (We might've taught the Unabomber but Jeffrey Dahmer was a buckeye, assclowns). When asked what inspired their child's unusual name, one of the fathers explained: "I was like, bro, let's give this shit a craaaazy name. Like, what's Mexican for crazy? Let's just fucking call it that."

A young Four Loko found himself thrust quickly into the highly competitive corporate world of ruining lives and reputations. He was frequently taunted by the big names in drunkenness, but Four Loko was never one to crack under pressure (though he would occasionally explode under it) and he rose to this challenge with prodigious talent. Before long, he found himself in the company of industry rockstars like Natty Light and PBR. Even the normally stingy tycoon Cognac conceded that "The kid just had a knack for it. He had all the qualities college students look for in booze: he was cheaper than dirt, and tasted worse than it." Many have speculated that this is the highest praise ever given by one alcoholic beverage to another.

Of course, Four Loko did have an unfair advantage in that he possessed something that other alcoholic beverages did not (other than moxie): caffeine. Not only could he fuel typical drunken escapades like ill-conceived threesomes and even more ill-conceived panty raids on Martha Cook, but his dual purpose as an energy drink provided students with a legitimate excuse for drinking while studying for a final or writing a term paper. As more and more students discovered his wonders, he was well on his way to becoming the most prominent college staple since the walk of shame.

But like all the cool, original, phresh kids you've ever known, Four Loko was bound to get in trouble with the law sooner or later. A mere four years into his career, he came under legal investigation, accused of hospitalizing and killing an unacceptable number of students across the country. Thus, in early November, he was sentenced by the state of Michigan to the death penalty with no chance of parole. He was executed on December 4th, and for once in our college careers, U of M students wept over something other than a loss in the OSU game. Many students mourned the loss of their friend and hero with the ceremonial practice of "pouring one out" - ironically, most did this using their last cans of the deceased.

Four Loko is survived by his piss-poor emulator Vodka+Red Bull, his slightly more respectable emulator Vodka+Adderall, and his illegal Mexican knockoff Quatro Crazy.

The service will be held on St. Patrick's Day in front of Mary Sue Coleman's house.

FestiFools
presents
FOOL MOON
APRIL FIRST
from dusk to midnight
IN FRONT OF
GRIZZLY PEAK
FestiFools.org

An Introvert's Guide to ...

Parties... Oh, never mind

BY BRETT SANDLER AND JACOB ROSEN

Things to Bring to the Party:

- Cell Phone
- Anxiety pills
- List of bad things that happened to me today
- Snack for later
- Tip calculator
- Glasses and back-up glasses
- My demo tape
- S.A.D. lamp
- Moleskin
- Quartz collection

Party Skills

- Excellent dexterity
- Tarot cards
- Starcraft
- Great at fixing pens
- Observational humor
- Always have a pink pearl eraser
- Good at removing splinters
- Improvisational scat
- Mild to impressive Eddie Murphy impersonation
- Death metal history
- Can drink a beer in eight minutes
- Can list prime numbers up to 223

Things to Leave at Party:

- My demo tape
- Party favors, like jolly ranchers

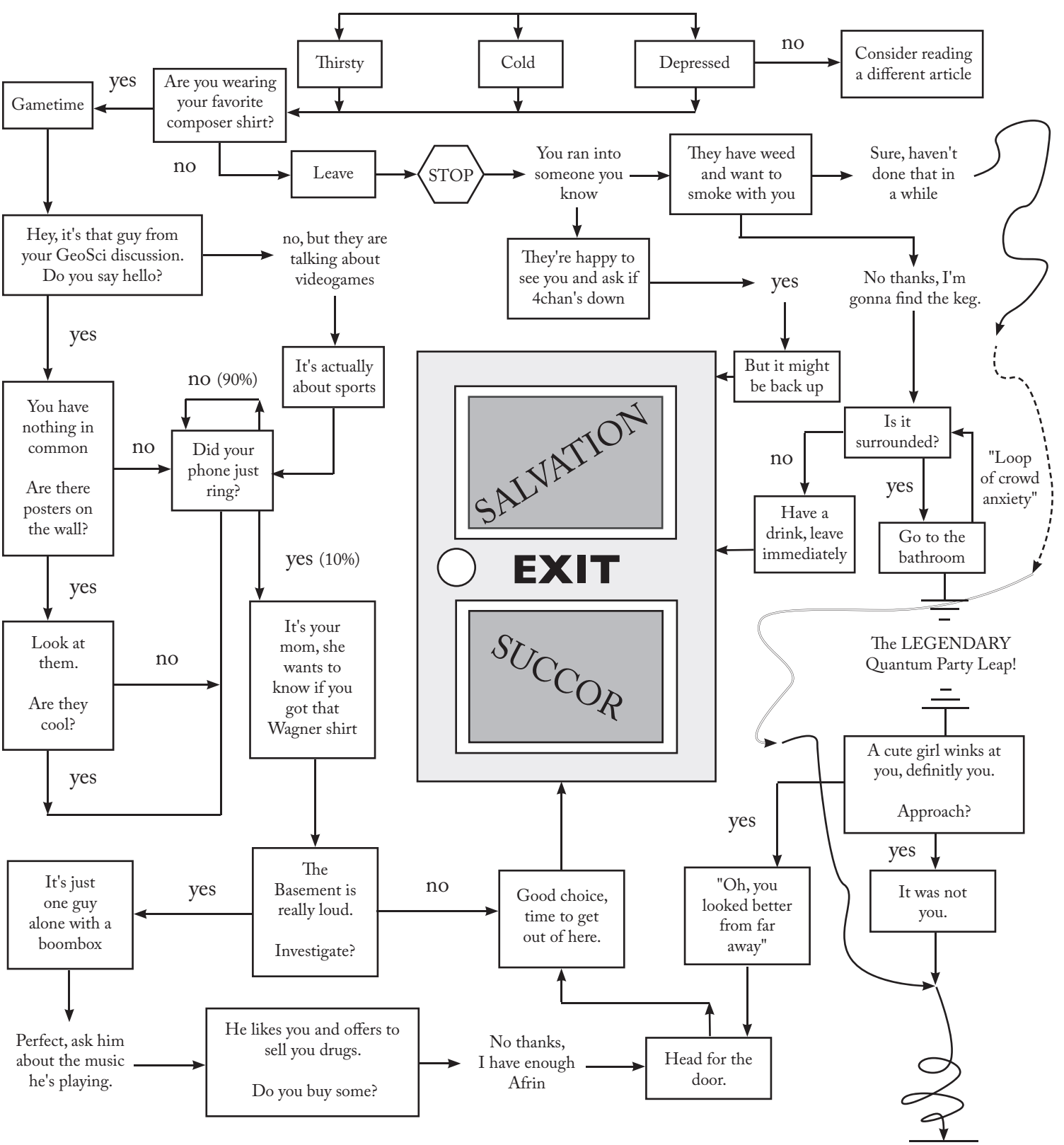
Things to Leave at Home:

- Camera
- Collector's mug
- Notebook of auto-biographical poetry
- Dad
- Picture of dad

Reasons to go to the Party:

- Internet's down
- 4chan's down
- Anxiety's down
- Roommates won't give me back my batteries
- Computer's de-fragging
- Got virus trying to torrent Tron
- Need experiment for Sociology lab
- Mom bet me I wouldn't
- Seen *The Last Airbender* too many times
- House being fumigated

YOU ENTER THE PARTY!



Time

11:15 — 11:37

Words Spoken

0 0 0 3 5 15 12 20 27 34

Christmas Eve with the Cleghorns

A true account of a holiday that should've been handled with alcohol, but was instead remedied with mashed potatoes

BY KRISTEN CLEGHORN

'Twas the night before Christmas and yet again my twelve-year-old brother was telling a story he had deluded himself into thinking was relevant[1]. He was in the back of the car, which, like a python with a bad sense of humor, was closing in on me.

I am on the way to my sister's house for Christmas Eve, accompanied by my grandma who is my roommate for the holidays[2], my mother[3], my semi-racist dad[4] and my brother[5] to meet my other set of grandparents and the semi-sane part of my family that has decided to grace us with their presence. Those not in attendance include my step-cousin[6], my preggers cousin and my normal-size cousin, also my aunt and uncle who announce their lack of attendance by shipping our Christmas presents on the 22nd.

I suppose the first half of the evening wasn't all bad, except for the fact that my gay uncle and his partner decided to show up 45 minutes late with the cold ham[7] and I lost my appetite because my cousin's fatter-than-Rosie O'Donnell dog pooped in the kitchen and I lost at ping-pong and Jimmy Eat World's rendition of Last Christmas was playing over and over and all my relatives weren't surprised when I told them I was single again[8] and I knew my cousin's desperate girlfriend (who I drew for Secret Santa) wouldn't appreciate the present I toiled to make for her[9] and I ended up eating so much mashed potatoes that the whole night I kept wanting to puke to make the pain go away. But besides that, the evening was perfect.

So of course I continue eating in the kitchen to avoid weird conversation. I offer my sister's husband's brother[10] a cracker thing with cheese on it. He says, "No thanks, I'm saving myself for the turkey." I laugh really loud and jokingly punch him on the shoulder. He looks at me like I have a dick in my mouth and walks away.

So then it's time to open presents, and naturally they've let my brother play Call of Duty: Modern Warfare II as the background to gift-opening. BANG! My grandma begins opening her presents. My cousin has gotten her a royal purple Snuggie. She puts it on. She opens the next present, a hideous furry cheetah-print winter hat. "Thanks Kristen, I love the hat!" she says. I gathered it was one of those gifts my mom bought and then signed my name to. BANG! I cough up a little bit of ham and say, "No problem, Grandma." I snap a picture. In that purple Snuggie and cheetah hat my grandma Sally looks like head pimp of Boca Raton. This is the same Sally that trolls me on Facebook[11].

So the night is drawing to a close. But not before my sister's dog gets into the ham, and my cousin's super-chubs dog has a DEVASTATING ASTHMA ATTACK[12]! The night's spoils: my gay uncle has a new argyle sweater-vest to add to his argyle collection, my parents have new U of M stadium cushions for their soon-to-be elderly buttocks, and my brother has 3 new excuses to sit in his room and not make any friends[13].

Overall no tears were shed (like last year), no dishes broken (the pickle fiasco of 99'), no one tried to imitate the infamous wide-mouth contest of 2007[15] and I guess we can always rely on family instead of the religious zealots rushing to midnight mass and such[16]. So I raise my proverbial glass to you, dear readers, here's to your Holidays being as interesting/full of childlike wonder/frightening/_____ as mine. ■

fill in your adjective here

---

[1] "And when me and Aunt Vickie picked up Wade I think he was drunk, because I was like 'so what are you up to?' and he was like 'about six feet' and started giggling and I asked 'so what did you do at the party' and he was like 'drank a lot' and Aunt Vickie was like 'Oh Wade, watch your manners'…"

[2] "Kristen, it's eleven o'clock, why are you still awake? What's that light?"
"It's my phone, I'm texting."
"Who else is up this late at night?"
"Just…just go to sleep grandma."

[3] She has recently taken to singing parts of Christmas songs in a British accent because she thinks they sound better that way, which by the way, doesn't work along side Dolly Parton's rendition of The Little Drummer Boy, JUST SO YOU KNOW

[4] "Randall drive down the street before heading home."
"Why on earth would I do that?"
"I want to see everyone's lights."
"Look at those ugly lights jumping around. Our new neighbors must be Mexican."
"Randall."
"Now look at that wreath. That's tasteful."

[5] He's afraid of going to my sister's house because last time he was there my sister's huge Doberman was going through "that time" in his puppy life and mounted my brother from behind. He's so embarrassed about it that he won't admit to knowing what happened.

[6] My mom: "She decided to move up north with her boyfriend so she's not gonna be here"
Dad: "With that black guy?"
"Randall."
"With that creepy guy?"
"Yes. And they've both decided to not work, but they sell their plasma three times a week so I think that's working out okay for them."

[7] At this point, there was nearly a revolution. "I say we eat without them, Christmas or not a lesson needs to be taught, after all they're just bringing the deviled eggs" says Uncle Greg.
"I agree," "Me as well," "Let's eat!"
"Fine," my sister, the host, agrees. Everyone rejoices and we begin rushing to line up like starved gazelles to a flowing supply of tall dewy grass.
"WAIT! I just remembered, they have the ham!" my sister says.
GROAN
Uncle Greg sighs. "Fine, we'll wait. But next time there will be no food left for either of them." A chill runs down my spine.

[8] Grandma Sally: "So how's that David doing?"
Me: "Oh, we actually broke up a while ago."
"Oh I figured, that's probably for the best."
"What's that supposed to mean?"
"Oh you know, you just hear that red-heads are hot-tempered, and he had a dirty mouth anyway."
"I'm a red-head. And that's only because you saw a comment he had made, when you were facebook stalking me."
"Regardless, good for you."

Gay Uncle:"So why didn't you bring your boyfriend?"
Me: "We're not together anymore."
"Oh okay, are you seeing someone else now?"
"We broke up like, two weeks ago."
"Well you never know with you."

[9] Yeah, they were this cool →

[10] We call him Dave because his dad's name is David, this gets confusing. He looks identical to Mr. Clean. He works at a gym. He's GTL but without the hair. And wears a Mr. Rogers Sweater from November to January.

[11]

Kristen Cleghorn i'll be up up and away, up up and away
August 16 at 4:13pm · Comment · Like
Erin Foley, Kelsey Haines and Joe Warrian like this.
Sally Cleghorn Are you taking a balloon ride??
August 16 at 4:13pm · Like

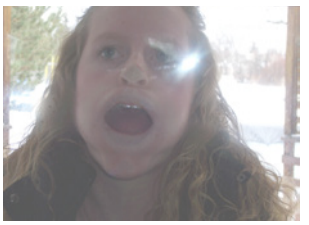
[12] It's okay. He was fine

[13] I'm not just being mean, he literally doesn't have any friends. The three excuses? Need for Speed, NHL 11, and Call of Duty: Black Ops[14]. But really he only has two friends. I never call them by their real names because they're apparently Jake and Josh, and I end up calling them Drake and Josh (they're practically asking for it)

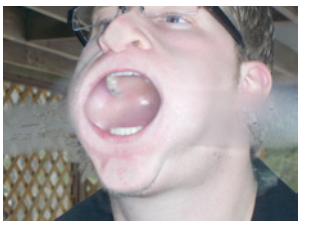
[14] My dad flipped a nut about this game. "Terry, you're not buying Trevor that game."
"Why not?"
"Call of Duty: Black Cops? What kind of game is that?"
"Randall. It's Black Ops."
"Oh."

[15]

good



better



win

[16] A quote from our editor David Faulkner himself: "I'm getting my drank on before we hit the pews"

The Gargoyle's Official Rules of:

King's Cup / *Ring of Fire / Circle of Death / Rhombus of Nosferatu*

The names above are just some of the many aliases by which this game is known, according to wikipedia. Yes, wikipedia told us it's sometimes called "Rhombus of Nosferatu." We've never heard it called that, but we've likely just found The Gargoyle's official name for this game. Anyways, the point is, this game has a lot of names. But as many names as it has, it has even more rules. We've provided a list of common rules below, along with a table for you to fill out your house rule selections.

Ace	**Eight**	
Two	**Nine**	**Ring of Fire Yes/No**
Three	**Ten**	
Four	**Jack**	
Five	**Queen**	
Six	**King**	**King's Cup Yes/No**
Seven	**The Hanged Man** What do you think this is, Tarot?	

- **Ring of Fire:** If this meta-rule is in effect, take care to ensure that cards are evenly spread out in a circle. If a player takes a card and the table, floor, or human corpse being used as a playing surface beneath the cards is revealed, they must drink.
- **King's Cup:** If this meta-rule is in effect, place an unopened beer can in the center of the ring of cards. When a player takes a card, he or she must insert it under the tab of the can. When a player's card pops the tab, he or she must chug the beer.
- **Waterfall:** All players begin drinking. The player who drew the card may stop drinking at any point, but subsequent players may not stop drinking until the player before them in the circle stops. Almost exclusively used for Ace.
- **You:** The player who drew the card tells someone else to drink. Alternatively, everyone else drinks. Commonly used for 2.
- **Me:** The player who drew the card drinks. Commonly used for 3.
- **Floor:** Last player to touch the floor must drink. Commonly used for 4.
- **Heaven:** Last player to point up must drink. Commonly used for 7.
- **Whores/Chicks:** All women drink. Commonly used for 4 or 6.
- **Guys/Dicks:** All men drink. Commonly used for 5 or 6.
- **Pediddle:** The player who drew the card chooses another player (or themselves) to remove an article of clothing. Alternatively, all players remove an article of clothing.
- **Mate/Date:** The player who drew the card chooses a "date." For the rest of the game, when one of them drinks, their date must also drink. If you are someone's date and draw this card, you must choose another date, making all three of you drinking partners and labeling yourself an absolute cad. Commonly used for 8.
- **Rhyme:** The player who drew the card says a word, and going around the circle players must say words that rhyme with that word. The first who fails to do so or repeats a word drinks. You may not choose a word without a rhyme, such as orange, month, purple, or yttrium. Commonly used for 9.
- **Categories:** The player who drew the card says a fairly expansive category, such as "models of cars," "alcoholic drinks," or "people who have heard of the Gargoyle." Going around the circle, players must name things in that category. The first who fails to do so or repeats an item drinks.
- **Never Have I Ever:** All players play a shortened version of the game "Never Have I Ever" (aka "Ten Fingers") holding up only three fingers. The first person out drinks.
- **Community Cup:** If this rule is used, start the game with an empty cup in the center of the table. When the first three copies of the card this rule is assigned to are drawn, the players who drew them may pour some of their own beverage into this center cup. When the fourth is drawn, the player who draws it must chug the contents of this cup.
- **Viking Master:** The player who draws the card becomes the viking master, and raises their fingers to their head, as if they are wearing a viking helmet. All other players must then begin furiously rowing. The last to do so drinks.
- **Question Master:** The player who drew the card becomes the question master until another of that card is drawn. Whenever the question master asks a question of someone, they must reply with either a question or "Fuck You!" depending on your house rules. If they fail to do so, they must drink.
- **Rule Master:** The player who draws this card may create a new rule. For the rest of the game, if anyone breaks the rule, they must drink.

BEER PONG

House Rules

Number of Cups
☐6 ☐10 ☐15

Cup Contents
☐Alcohol
☐Water

Drinks per side
☐1 ☐2 ☐3

Allowed to blow
☐Guys ☐Bitches

Allowed to finger
☐Guys ☐Bitches

Bounces
☐Allowed
☐Can be swatted
☐Worth 2 cups

When shooting,
(Hand / Elbow) Behind table

Extras
☐Gentleman's shot
☐NBA Jam rules

If same cup is made
(1 / 2 / 3) cups pulled
☐Rollbacks granted

When are cups pulled?
☐Immediately
☐After a team's turn

Balls pulled
☐after each shot

Which team goes first?
☐Previous winners
☐Winner of Eye-to-Eye

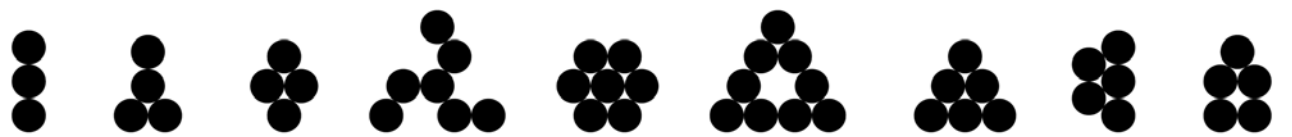
Reracking
(0 / 1 / 2 / 3 / inf) reracks
☐Before turn ☐Whenever
☐cups realigned on request

Ending rules
☐Rebuttal allowed
☐Unless same cup was made
☐Shoot 'til you miss

In event of tie, restart with
(3 / 6 / 10) cup racks

~ Additional house rules ~

Rack Formations



Line · Dick · Diamond (Vag) · Windmill · Desperate Honeycomb · Freshman Cup · Pyramid · Zipper · House

314 E. LIBERTY
BELOW SEVA RESTAURANT
734.996.9080

Ann Arbor Comedy Showcase

Vince Morris
FEBRUARY
24, 25, 26

D.C. Malone
MARCH
3, 4, 5

Maria Bamford
MARCH
10, 11, 12

UMICH GRADUATE!
Peter Berman
MARCH
17, 18, 19

FULL BAR
MUNCHIES
NO DRINK MINIMUMS
STUDENT DISCOUNTS AVAILABLE
SEE AACOMEDY.COM